

owners since that; how we've laid low in the coverts, and fled away like hunted mice when discovery threatened us; how our people have followed their route without us except when their camping-ground was within two days' tramp of here. Always, wherever we have been, ye have kept a backward look upon this place. At yer bidding I've prowled about the great house beyond there till I know their out-comings and in-comings a'most to the minutes o'clock-work. I've got their customs for day or dark, and I've marked the lights in the house o' nights, till I could find my way to the rooms they use or to the ones that are mostly dark at any hour of the whole twenty-four.

"I reckon, if they'd seen the Gipsy tramp hanging around, they'd have looked to their bolts and bars closer yet; but for all o' that, their poultry-yard has never lost so much as a feather. Ye have made them safe, though ye are always foretelling better game and bidding me look to a great reward.

"Ye have talked of the duty I owe ye, and of a purpose which concerns us both; yet I keep me in the dark while ye make no move nor no show of one.

"I am tired of the watch-dog life ye would have me lead. I am tired of lying in wait with no quarry ever coming to sight. I want to go back to my own people with no restriction on my acts.

"Ye are breeding mischief in me, I tell ye. I've watched them up there with their table loaded down with silver, with their silks and their jewels all agleam in the broad lights, and I've ached as I saw chance after chance slip by when I could have made myself rich with their treasure.

"Ye know we are not thieves. My people claim the right of a living off the world, and we account it no crime to snare the rabbits in any man's wood or to help our selves now and then to a fat pullet of the roost; but I never took a man's money out of his purse or so much as a crust ungiven from his house. But this teaching o' years is dragging all the bad that is in me to the top.

"Ye may be own kin of mine, Mother Naome, but ye are not of Gipsy blood as I am. Ye may have the right, but ye have not the power to keep me longer from my tribe. I have served ye long and faithfully in the manner ye saw fit, but I will act no more with a fillet bound over my eyes."

He turned his defiant face toward her with the fires of determination and burning in his eyes.

"Why, Art, Art, lad, what has come over ye? Have I not told ye that the time I have watched and waited for is at hand? It's not the watch-dog ye've played, lad. It's the part of the sleuth-hound that follows silent, silent, night, and day—follows on, never pausing and never wearying till the prey's in sight. Would ye give up at the last and never taste o' the vengeance ye have sought? I have no Gipsy blood, ye say; yet is yer's thinner and colder if ye turn yer back on the Gipsy's boast to let no injury go unpaid.

"The tale o' yer wrongs is no new one to ye. Yer father was thrown in a felon's cell; yer mother died of a broken heart. Yet ye would let the man who brought such grief to ye flourish in his wickedness. More shame to ye, then, Art Lyon!"

"Cast no shame to me where ye have held back my hand," retorted the youth, sullenly. "I've besought ye for the chance of vengeance, but while ye fostered my passion for revenge, ye have withheld the knowledge that would enable me to wreak it. Show me the man who worked me that ill, and you'll taunt me twice with inaction."

"Ay, and yer hot blood would bring ye into trouble, and me to more sorrow in my old age. Trust me, and ye shall aim a blow that will be keener than knife-thrust, and herself shall go scathless. What made ye so impatient now, Art, lad?"

"Our people are ready for their journey to the South, and I've no liking either for these bleak woods or for Northern snows. Unless ye can show good reason for keeping me here, I go with them in two days more."

"Will ye not heed me, lad? I tell ye the time for work is nigh at hand. We have not been keeping watch on the fine house up there for naught."

"As ye say," grumbled the young Gipsy, his face lowering and sullen still. "They'll be having feasting and jollity with the holiday cheer ahead o' them, and a guest on his way to them now. I saw him on the road—a fine gentleman, whose hand would be defiled by touch of mine. Heaven send that his heart be as fair!"

He spread out his brown rough palms with a short laugh as he spoke. The old woman's eye caught a gleam of renewed animation.

"Say ye so? A guest bound to The Terrace—a man with fair hair, and a white skin, and a haughty look?"

"Then ye must act—act! Talk not of leaving the pursuit, now that the game is in full view before ye! There is work for ye, Art, this very night."

"I'll not go at it blindfold, Mother Naome! Give me yer reasons and show me yer object, and I'll do my best for ye; but I'll not be bounded on by a word with no understanding to me."

"Anon, anon!" said the old woman, and turning abruptly, went into the hut again.

She came out presently with a large earthen dish in her hand, into which she ladled a portion of the contents of the kettle. She carried it within, and in a moment more called the young Gipsy to partake of the frugal meal.

It was nearing evening when he emerged from the hut, and avoiding the more frequented paths, made his way toward The Terrace. He advanced rapidly until he reached the immediate grounds surrounding the mansion. Then he approached more stealthily, keeping within shadow of the shrubbery, avoiding both the terrace-steps and the winding carriage-drive.

The fading outer light flickered up the walls, and while he hovered in concealment the ruddy glow of lights within streamed through the curtained casements. He crept close, and at last stood fairly within shadow of the walls.

He could distinctly hear the sound of voices, and moving silently, he paused beneath a window which was slightly ajar—probably left so by the housemaid for fresh ventilation, when she cleansed the rooms, and forgotten afterward.

It opened into the room where Percy Lambert was confronting Austin Granville with a recital of those dubious acts of his in times past.

The Gipsy, crouching beneath the case-

ment, heard it all. His position was cramped and uncomfortable, but he never moved until Lambert ceased to speak. Then he straightened himself and stepped back, but a round pebble-stone turned under his foot, and throwing out his hand involuntarily, he struck the window-sash with a force that slid it into place with a sudden click.

He had the presence of mind to throw himself flat upon his face on the ground. He lay there scarcely breathing while Austin Granville leaned out of the window above him. When the latter had withdrawn, he raised himself cautiously, keeping still within shadow of the walls.

Previous vigils had acquainted him fully with the habits of the household. He could see the glare of light from the dining-hall, and soon the rattle of dishes and moving shadows in waiting, assured him that the inmates were assembled around the board.

Then he darted forward and in at a back entrance-way. It opened into the laundry, beyond which was a vista of lighted kitchen, pantries and cook-room. Servants were moving back and forth with the different courses, for they lived in true aristocratic style at The Terrace, and never a dinner that occupied less than a couple of hours was served there.

There was no chance of successfully running the gauntlet of these lighted rooms for the time; and Art, watching his opportunity, concealed himself in a pantry which opened from the laundry into the cook-room.

He remained there full three hours. It was not until coffee had been taken in the drawing-room that the butler locked up the domestic departments, and with those under him in service adjourned to the house-keeper's room for the remainder of the evening.

Then Art left his hiding-place, feeling his way cautiously through the darkness. He carried an assortment of keys, and had no difficulty in fitting them to the various locks he encountered on his way.

He paused at the drawing-room door listening for a moment, but moved on swiftly and silently when assured that all were engrossed there.

He had not boasted idly when he declared that he could find his way to any point within the house, and now advanced straight to the room he sought, which was known as the Old Library. It partook more of the nature of a museum, the only volumes found here having some peculiar interest attaching to them aside from their intrinsic merits, such as antiquity or rarity, and contained huge old-fashioned cabinets, filled with natural curiosities gathered from all points of the globe.

The young Gipsy had made his way here through utter darkness, but now he struck a match and lighted a bit of candle-end he carried about him. It cast a flickering, dim light, but sufficient for his purpose. Holding it aloft he sent a searching glance around the room, and without hesitation singled out one of the cabinets ranged against the walls.

It was of peculiar formation, broad and low, with two sprawling feet of bronze that had been golden, but was green now and tarnished with age. He put his hand upon it, and applying all his force moved it painlessly out from the niche it had occupied. It was heavier even than its appearance indicated; but this was explained when Art swung back the doors in the front and exposed its compartments filled with mineral specimens. After a cursory glance he shut the doors securely again, and pushing with all his strength succeeded in moving it quite clear of the wall.

It was almost square, the sides and back cut in deep panels. They were crusted over with cobwebs and dust; evidently it had been long since it was moved from the niche it fitted.

Art waited a moment, listening intently. But the sounds he had unavoidably made in moving the heavy piece of furniture, attracted no attention from any of the household.

He brushed the cobwebs from the back and examined it closely by the dim light. Then he counted the panels, sounding the one which occupied the center. It gave back a hollow echo.

Passing his finger up and down he discovered a minute keyhole scarcely discernible in the dark wood. He selected the small keys from the collection he carried, and tried them one after another.

One tiny brass key apparently fitted, but some complication of the lock would not yield to it. He tried again and again, but with the same unsatisfactory result.

He ceased the fruitless effort, and remained for a moment plunged in deep thought.

Then he went to the door, locking it on the inner side with the key he had used in gaining entrance. He opened a window wide, and turning with a sudden rush, sprang against the cabinet. It tottered on its sprawling feet, and fell with a crash that echoed through the house.

This had seemed his only expedient, and it proved successful. The solid mahogany of the back was split from top to bottom. He stooped over it, and with a little pressure succeeded in removing the central panel from its place. It revealed a shallow cavity, with a flat japanned box fitted into it.

Hastily Art secured the box, and sprung toward the open window. He could hear the sound of scurrying feet, that came nearer with every instant.

The window opened on a naked wall, with the ground twenty feet below, but a narrow ledge projected about four feet beneath the level of the window.

Art clambered through, closing the case-mantle after him, and remained clinging to the wall with his feet braced upon the narrow ledge, awaiting the result of his nocturnal raid.

In a moment the door was flung open and Mr. Granville appeared in it, with an array of anxious and frightened faces at his back.

Mr. Granville had located the sound which so unexpectedly startled them as proceeding from the Old Library. He hurried there followed by Lambert and the two girls, with the house-servants forming in line and bringing up the rear. The house-keeper was among them, with the keys dangling from her belt; thus the locked door scarcely delayed them.

What he did was to repeat the name in a reflective tone.

"Gerald Fonteney! There was some trouble between him and Clare if I remember rightly. I should think him the last one the latter would have commissioned in any service of his."

"It may be the confidence Arthur Clare placed in him that makes me fear him as a dangerous enemy. I can't rid myself of

fall is the worst phase of the affair. Even a defect which might cause the bronzes to give way would scarcely result in this manner.

Percy Lambert, who had been stooping over the ruins, now rose up, not speaking a word, but with a baffled look upon his face. He had ascertained that the japanned box containing the title-deeds of Arthur Clare's estates—the proofs of which he supposed he alone possessed the knowledge—had disappeared from its place of concealment!

His blank expression might have attracted remark, but for Sylvie's sudden exclamation:

"Justine, dear child, what is the matter? You look as though you had seen a ghost."

"So I have—of spirits departed," returned Justine, stooping to recover a curiously wrought metallic drinking-flask from the floor, where it had fallen. When the others saw her face it had lost the startled pallor which attracted Sylvie's observation, and so no questions were pressed upon her.

The truth was she had seen Art's face without the pane, and with her recklessness of consequences, resolved that her act should not betray a fellow-creature, though escaping, perhaps, from the punishment merited by a culpable deed!

The Gipsy saw that she had discovered him, and, loosening his hold, dropped to the ground. There was thick turf beneath the window, and in a moment he had recovered his footing and was racing away through the terrace grounds toward the tangled park.

CHAPTER VI

AUSTIN GRANVILLE AND PERCY LAMBERT HOLD A MIDNIGHT PARLEY.

PERCY LAMBERT stood before the open, glowing fire in the room which had been assigned him. It was midnight, and he had parted from his host an hour before, but no inclination to slumber had come upon him.

A disturbing influence was at work in his mind. The fall of the cabinet, which to the others was only a mysterious circumstance, assumed the shape of a formidable calamity to him.

He had kept his own counsel, determining to clear two points to his own satisfaction before deciding upon his course or taking another into his confidence.

First: who aside from himself knew the secret of the japanned box, and—by the rule of deduction—now held it in possession?

Second: would Austin Granville, knowing the loss of these proofs, still co-operate with him, as without the knowledge he could not refuse to do?

Over and over the questions had presented themselves, and regarding the first, he arrived always at the same conclusion.

But the other viewed from different points, was unsatisfactory and elusive still. He believed it best that Mr. Granville should be made acquainted with the facts as they stood; but he would the latter then not defy him, and dare the danger as it might come from the unknown source?

He had kept his own counsel, determining to clear two points to his own satisfaction before deciding upon his course or taking another into his confidence.

He paused at sight of his guest still upon his feet, with a worn, harassed look upon his features. He, too, had been facing the situation in which he found himself, and was less inclined to turn a deaf ear to Lambert's demands than he might have been but for circumstances of which the latter was quite ignorant.

He paused at sight of his guest still upon his feet, with a worn, harassed look upon his features. He, too, had been facing the situation in which he found himself, and was less inclined to turn a deaf ear to Lambert's demands than he might have been but for circumstances of which the latter was quite ignorant.

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which tried to shadow the sky of my future peace. I've done my share in disposing of the fair knight, and turn him over to your tender mercies for all future benefits."

"Don't use metaphors if you mean me to understand you, Justine," said Sylvie.

"Plain English and unpalatable truth then, my darling. Mr. Percy Lambert did me the honor to propose for my hand, and I have unequivocally rejected 'him'; that's all. Will you ride to-day, Sylvie?"

"Not to-day, dear," returned Sylvie, with slight constraint in her voice.

"Have you one of your headaches, Sylvie?" inquired Justine, solicitously. "I did not observe before that you were pale, or I would not have disturbed you. Shall I bathe your head with *ea de Cologne*, dear?"

"No, thank you; and don't let my indisposition detain you."

Justine withdrew softly, leaving her friend alone. Poor Sylvie! she had just awakened to a realizing knowledge that the partiality of her childhood had grown up and strengthened with her maturing years, made consciously sweet in this brief interval by the belief that Lambert also remembered his old preference, and Justine's revelation came like a sharp blow to her confiding trust.

Justine donned her riding-habit, and went out to the stables. She saddled Lady Bess with her own hands, and led her forth, when Mace made his appearance.

"Why didn't your master her brought round, Miss Justine?" he asked. "I can get Selim ready in a couple of minutes, though."

"Thank you, Mace; but you need not attend me to-day. Tell your master that was my order."

"Ay, ay," grumbled Mace, as she rode away. "And if your blessed neck be broken through leaping of bars and racing down of ravines, your master won't save me from being discharged for lack of duty."

Justine took her way by a roundabout bridle-path to the little hut she had discovered the preceding day. The smoke from the outdoor fire crawled lazily up, as it had done then, but no one was in sight as she approached.

She came nearer the rude dwelling; but, before she had quite reached it, Mother Naome emerged from the low doorway.

"What would ye?" she asked, in her harsh tones. "Did I not tell you truly? Yet ye laughed at old Naome and her prophecies. Did the stars foretell truth, or were they false as earthly promises?"

"I'm quite assured of your verity, good Mistress Witch, and have come to make the amende honorable, if you know what that is," cried Justine, gayly. "You hit the nail so exactly on the head, if you'll pardon my using flash phrases, that I'm really quite curious to know who comes next upon the programme."

"You see, I have already disposed of one of the lovers you allotted me yesterday, and I'm quite anxious to know when I may expect the appearance of the other."

The old woman regarded her sternly.

"There's a time for mirth, and a time to weep," she began.

"Solomon said something of that sort, once upon a time," interpolated Justine.

"Ay, and there's a precipice opened out before ye, and there's danger all around. There are enemies creeping close, and there are plotters at work; and ye are blind to it all!"

"Oh, no horrors, an' you love—my money," cried Justine, fumbling for her portemonnaie. "Sorry I can't cross your palm with gold, as I believe that is equivalent to propitiating destiny; but it's a thing impossible in this degenerate age of greenbacks."

"Put back yer money—I want it not," said Mother Naome. "Mark ye, there are foul times ahead. There are enemies that ye know not of, and there are hidden friends. Heed and obey if you would escape the dangers that menace ye."

"My good Dame Witch, I am proverbial for my submissive spirit, so it only remains for you to speak—if you think it worth while. When the fates give utterance, mortal will must be held in abeyance."

"Mock not at that which ye understand not," said Naome, commandingly. "I tell ye there are secrets behind and snares ahead. Listen! There is a bribe who is not a wife; she wears a ring, but she wears not her husband's name; she looks for him and others are on the track to bring trouble home to both. Ay, ye heed me now!"

"If you know that, you must know more," cried Justine, eagerly. "Oh, tell me of my husband!"

"I can tell ye nothing. Ye laugh at my warnings and scoff at the wisdom which would guide ye; so run yer course and repeat when ye are tripped by the way, and there is no succor at hand."

Old Naome stood grim and stern, with her eyes fixed upon the young girl.

"Oh, please," cried Justine, pleadingly. "If you know Gerald—if you can tell me of him, or if you come from him, I'll do any thing you say."

Justine's upturned face was wistfully eager. She slipped her portemonnaie, a glittering combination of velvet and steel, into the woman's hand.

"Ay, ay!" mumbled Naome to herself. "I've known ye very like, and woe betide if ye be as fickle and changing."

"Then heed ye," she said aloud. "The Gipsies' camp is ten miles from here in the Danver wood. Ride ye there and ask for Walt Lyon. Tell him ye came from Naome and that they must not break camp until I send him further word. Tell him—She stopped to consider. "I'll write it," she said. "Wait ye here."

She disappeared within the hut. Justine awaited without, unconscious that a pair of bright black eyes were peering at her through the interstices of the logs.

The Gipsy, Art Lyon, lay on a rude pallet, his swarthy face flushed with the fever induced by the pain of his dislocated ankle. Naome had put it in place and splintered it skillfully. There was no need of surgical aid; her knowledge of simple rules and medicinal herbs being ample for such an emergency; but the untamed spirit of the youth chafed at the confinement to which he was obliged to submit. He spoke to Naome in a voice too low to reach the girl without.

"It was she who saw me as I hung like a bat to the wall up at the place, there; and she never screamed nor sent them after me. If she were only a Gipsy now—Did she give ye that?"

He caught sight of the portemonnaie in Naome's hand. She tossed it toward him with a softer look on her hard face.

"A toy for ye while ye lay there," she said. "That girl on the horse out there is

the cause o' yer grief, and ye should get what comfort ye can of her. She's Fonteney's wife, lad!"

He fondled the pretty pocket-piece in his rough, brown palms, and turned to peer out again at the tiny figure, with the saucy face grown grave and tender, with the soft, dark hair blown in rings beneath the coquettish riding-hat, with its long scarlet plume.

The old woman found a greasy note-book and a stump of lead pencil, and scrawled a few lines. She tore off the leaf, folded it, and was going out, when Art called her back.

"It's but a light little purse," he said, "but it may make her friends. Bid her give the money to our little lads or the little ones."

He emptied its contents into Naome's hand, but kept the portemonnaie.

She returned to Justine then, repeating the instructions she had already given her.

"Ride ye to the Gipsies' camp, and find Walt Lyon. Tell him to bide there yet, and give him this; and if ye who are so free with yer providence would turn it to your own account and mine, let it go amid the Gipsy people."

"But will you not tell me of Gerald?" pleaded Justine. "Have you not so much as one little word for me? some assurance from him?"

"Is this yer faith?" questioned Naome sternly. "Did ye not vow to trust to him? Bide yer time, and if ye be no less true than he, there's hope for ye yet!"

And with that Justine was forced to be contented.

It is needless to follow her to the Gipsy camping-ground. Let it suffice that her mission was faithfully accomplished.

It was quite dark when she rode up the winding drive to The Terrace. She found the household in a state of great alarm at her long absence, with Mace—sulky at the blame which had been laid to him—prepared to scour the neighborhood in quest of her.

At dinner she learned that Lambert had taken his departure for an interval, but Mr. Granville hinted that he might return again in the course of a few days.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 123.)

The Surf Angel: OR, THE HERMIT WRECKER.

BY COL. PRENTISS INGRAHAM,
AUTHOR OF "THE DOUBLE DUEL," "THE ROSA
FAST LIFE," "EL PIRATA," "SOUTHERNERS
IN NEW YORK," "A WRECKED LIFE,"
"DOOMED," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

THE DUEL.

Six weeks had elapsed since the departure of Captain Menken and his party, and having determined to leave the island and go to New York to seek his fortune, Milo told Ricardo and Theone of his intention, and of the reasons that prompted him to take the step.

Ricardo listened to him quietly, and then, while the tears rolled down his weather-beaten cheeks, bade him go, with his blessing, and promised if Milo deemed it best for Theone and himself to leave the island, to come on to New York and join him there.

Thus it was arranged, and one pleasant day in summer the Hermit Wrecker and his adopted children went aboard the sloop and set sail for the coast where a good landing could be made.

Here Milo left them, with many words of affection, and as he kissed Theone good-bye, he bade her to remember that before long he would again see her, and that there was one in New York who dearly loved her, and who would long for her coming.

Theone blushed, for she knew whom Milo referred to, and having thought over in her mind her true feelings as regarded her lover and Milo, she was compelled to admit that though she loved the latter dearly, the former held as strong a claim upon her affections, and of a different nature her regard for Leo certainly was, from that she held for her adopted brother.

Leaving Ricardo and Theone to return to the island, Milo took a vehicle which had procured at a small village, and drove to the railroad, and then took the train for Mobile.

From that city he went to New Orleans, where he remained two days, and just after dark on the evening in which he intended to depart for New York, he was hurrying along the street toward his hotel, when he suddenly came upon no other personage than Leo Menken.

A warm greeting passed between them, and then Milo learned that Captain Menken, in another yacht, which he had purchased immediately upon his return to New York, was then near the city, and that Leo was also on board with her father.

"I came up to town yesterday to receive and mail letters, and am to start back in the morning, but now wish to unfold to you a rare piece of villainy on the part of Oregon Minturn," continued Leo, after having explained to Milo his appearance in New York.

"Then heed ye," she said aloud. "The Gipsies' camp is ten miles from here in the Danver wood. Ride ye there and ask for Walt Lyon. Tell him ye came from Naome and that they must not break camp until I send him further word. Tell him—She stopped to consider. "I'll write it," she said. "Wait ye here."

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"He challenged me to fight him, I accepted, and was just going to seek a friend to act as my second when I met you, and therefore place the matter in your hands."

Milo listened patiently to Leo, and his face grew dark with rage when he heard of the insult offered to Theone, and he at once insisted upon himself being the one to represent it; but to this Leo would not listen, and it was agreed finally that Milo should seek Minturn and have the affair arranged as quickly as possible.

Oregon Minturn sat in his luxurious rooms in the St. Charles, and was thinking of his revenge upon the Menkens, for Lotta had treated with scorn his offer of his hand, for all of his past life had been told to her. Since that offer, which had been made immediately upon their return to New York, Oregon Minturn had not been heard from, and none knew where he was, until the seaman met Leo and informed him of

the bold plan of the dissipated and reckless young man.

Thus was Minturn thinking about the duel he was to fight on the morrow, and how easy it would be for him to kill Leo, and thereby revenge himself upon the family, and then go to the island and take Theone as his prize.

A tap came upon the door, and, to his call to enter, Milo Duncan stood before him.

Minturn's eye quailed before the steady look of the man he had wronged, and his hand sought the table drawer where he kept his pistol.

Seeing the act, Milo said, quickly:

"I have not come to murder you, sir, but to act in a matter for a friend, Mr. Leo Menken," and then Minturn having referred him to his second, Milo sought that personage and the meeting was arranged for the following morning at sunrise, on the old battle-field below the city.

Punctual to the minute, Milo and Leo reached the field, and soon after Minturn, his second and surgeon drove up and dismounted from their carriage.

The spot chosen for the "deed of honor" was appropriate in every respect, for it was in a small copse of woods just on the bank of the Mississippi, and the river and a broad carriage highway afforded means of flight to the survivor, should he desire to leave the country to avoid pursuit.

Leaving their carriage, Minturn and his party advanced and calmly saluted Leo and Milo, and then the two seconds commenced preliminaries.

The presence, so unexpected to Minturn, of Milo in New Orleans, had evidently flurried the New Yorker, for his manner was not as indifferent as on the day before, for then he had anticipated an easy victory, Leo being quite near-sighted and therefore not a very good shot.

The weapons, long, single-barreled dueling pistols, were taken from their case, and then the second of Minturn and Milo stood up for position, and the former won it, and also did he win the sword.

Shaking hands with Leo, Milo said a few words to him in a low tone, placed the pistol in his hand and then gave him a pair of eye-glasses, saying:

"Take these, Mr. Menken. Minturn has good eyesight and these place you more on an equality."

Leo put the glasses to his eyes, and, seeing the act, Minturn turned pale and addressed his second, who instantly objected to the proceeding.

"Then we will use swords, sir," answered Milo.

Milo was quite dark when she rode up the winding drive to The Terrace. She found the household in a state of great alarm at her long absence, with Mace—sulky at the blame which had been laid to him—prepared to scour the neighborhood in quest of her.

At dinner she learned that Lambert had taken his departure for an interval, but Mr. Granville hinted that he might return again in the course of a few days.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 123.)

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SATURDAY JOURNAL

Saturday Journal

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A Brilliant and Touching Romance!

In the coming number of the SATURDAY JOURNAL we shall give the opening chapters of

PEARL OF PEARLS;

OR, SUNSHINE AND CLOUDS.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.,

AUTHOR OF "FLAMING TALISMAN," "HOODWINKED,"
"BLACK CRESCENT," "BLACK HAND," "HER-
CULES, THE HUNCHBACK," ETC., ETC.

While highly dramatic, like all of this spirited author's productions, this fine romance deals more directly with heart-life; and in "The Pearl" presents a child-woman of rare attributes. This child, it is a villain's design to defraud of her heritage, and how beauty and innocence are sometimes made to feel the weight of unmerited wrong, the romance portrays most impressively.

That man proposes but God disposes is verified. The Pearl is not a gem to tarnish, but one to be won and worn—Pearl is!

The story will greatly delight all classes of readers, and will serve to fill up many a pleasant hour of this hot, sweltering season, when any thing which makes us forget the blistering days and sultry nights is indeed welcome.

The SATURDAY JOURNAL is now running a splendid series of sumer serials and short stories, and in each issue presents unique attractions.

Our Arm-Chair.

Chat.—Among the musical specialties should be mentioned the *Church's Musical Visitor*, published monthly, in Cincinnati, by John Church & Co. It gives not only considerable excellent music, in each issue, but is a magazine as well—replete with matter of interest to those interested in music and musicians. Such publications greatly advance our public taste, and we could wish to see one or more of them in each household.

—Our "Fat Contributor" (A. M. Griswold), not satisfied with the glory won on paper and platform, has resolved to try his hand on a weekly of his own, to be published in the "Queen City." It is one thing to say or write funny things, and another to print them, as "Gris" will discover. Printers' bills are neither blessings in disguise nor as edifying as marrying an heiress. If "Fat" don't come out Lean, in one year's time, we will vote for President of the S. O. I. We, of course, wish him all kinds of good luck. May his "Saturday Night" never go into eclipse!

—The Binghamton *Republican* thinks Captain Mayne Reid is our great card. We are, of course, proud of his work for us, but we have other contributors whose popular value is not one whit less than that of the great border romance writer. It is our happy privilege to say that no paper published in America has more elements of strength, interest and home value than now attach to the SATURDAY JOURNAL, and no paper more truly represents the rising literary talent of the country.

—Recent news from Africa informs us of the fact that Dr. Livingstone is yet alive and well, and that, encouraged by his numerous geographical discoveries, he is bound to remain in the interior until he solves the riddle of the Nile, as well as to map the leading features of Equatorial Africa. The pluck and tenacity of the veteran explorer are quite as wonderful as his adventures and discoveries. What a story will he have to tell when he returns home, if he is so fortunate as to escape the thousand dangers which beset his path! The record of his last six years of research and adventure around Lake Tanganyika and the country to the north of it will read like an Arabian Nights' Entertainment. May the dear, brave old man live to tell his story, and to enjoy the honors which the whole civilized world is eager to bestow upon him!

The Paradise of Fruits.—It is undoubtedly true that California is the finest fruit region in the world. There, gathered in one area of three hundred miles long by eighty wide, are the combined fruits of three zones, as follows:

"We have," says a California paper, "2,550,000 trees of the apple kind (including pears and quinces), 870,000 of the peach kind (including apricots and nectarines), 211,000 prunes and plums, 47,000 orange and lemon, 45,000 figs, 80,000 almond and walnut, and 100,000 cherries, 20,000 olive trees and 29,000 grape vines. The pomegranate, nopal and citron thrive, but are not numerous enough to deserve counting; the banana, plantain, guava, chirimoya, cacao, palm and pineapple are growing, but their profitable or extensive cultivation in the open air is yet doubtful. Tea, coffee and African sugar can be grown. Many delicate tropical and semi-tropical ornamental trees and shrubs adorn our gardens. The geraniums, fuchsias and finer varieties of the rose, the numerous Australian acacias and Eucalypti with their graceful foliage, the heliotrope, the India rubber plant, the floripondio, magnolia, camellia, and passion flower live through our winters in the open air."

Well may the State be denominated the Paradise of fruits! What other equal area on the globe can boast of such a fruitage? It was indeed a wise policy which made it a necessity to absorb that spot of land into the American Union!

A River of Liquid Fire!—We are told by an official statement from the Internal Revenue Department that the number of distilleries at work in this country is two hundred and fifteen, and that their daily capacity is two hundred and seventeen thousand six hundred and eighty-two gallons. Reckoning the whole voting population in round numbers at five millions, this would be over a

third of a pint of spirits a day for each male adult in the United States. This is nearly all whisky, for the proportion of other spirits distilled is small, comparatively. Admitting that the women and male youngsters under age drink some, there are as an offset to these a vast number of men who never drink spirits. Nor is that amount exported to other countries considerable. At the rate of production as stated above, one million seven hundred and forty-one thousand four hundred and fifty-six pints a day, we may calculate a half-pint daily on an average for every moderate drinker and toper. There is, no doubt, a great deal manufactured in small quantities and secretly, in a domestic way, in addition to this vast production of the taxpaying distilleries.

From this we can form some correct idea of the dreadful work which the Whisky blend is doing in America. The prevalence of drunkenness is indeed alarming. If, instead of seventy cents per gallon, the Government tax was seven dollars, it would be a blessing, *providing the law was enforced!* Oh, the curse of drunk-drinking! Who can measure the height and the depth of the woe it entails? When will the law and public opinion unite in suppressing the evil?

MAKE FARMING PLEASANT.

There is a good deal of admirable advice in the papers to our country lads, headed "Don't Quit the Farm." The men and women who write those essays are to be praised, and I could cordially grasp their hands and tell them to continue in their good work.

You wonder why boys are so eager to leave the farm and rush into the whirlpools of the great cities; you can not conceive how they can leave the country's quiet for the city's glare, peace for racket, and purity of air for the stifled streets of the metropolis.

Will you allow me to tell you why?

Farming is made too laborious. The boys have to work very hard, and if they need rest or relaxation, the farmer says, "When I was a boy, I had to work so; why should n't you?" Does this inspire the youth with ambition, and doesn't he think that life was not made for all work, work, work? When his young friends come from the cities, dressed in their fine clothes, he imagines they are obtained without trouble, and the dull, hard farm life then becomes loathsome to him.

I was acquainted with a young fellow—and a good lad he was, too—who was ap-

prenticed to a crusty old fellow, who worked the boy until he became tired out. My young friend was fond of reading, but his employer couldn't see any use of his wasting his time in that manner. Pitying his condition, I used to send him papers. At this, his employer complained, and at the lad's own request, I desisted. Then I used to hide them in the hollow of an old tree, but as that was found out, I invited the boy to come and read in the evening at my house. Would you believe it?—the man for whom he worked followed him to my home one evening, and made a good deal of trouble over it.

The young men formed a literary association in the place, of which Edwin was a member. The man, with his whole family, had so much to say against it, that the boy, for sake of peace, left it. I am telling you no myth. I am showing you what drives the lad to the cities, and am talking to those who have the young under their care,

Make a farming *pleasant!* Don't grudge your boys a few hours' rest; don't scold them because they want amusement; if you do, you will find that they look upon your work with disgust, and upon you as a tyrant. Enter into the pleasures of your boys with an eagerness, as though you considered them to be human beings, and not mere machines, out of whom you are to get so much work. Youth loves pleasure, loves sympathy, and loves to know what he accomplishes gives satisfaction. But if you take no interest in what he does, and keep him in with too tight a rein, he'll soon free himself from your restraint and rush to the large cities, where he thinks all is liberty and freedom. And when he is away from home, do you know where he passes his time and who his associates are?

If you obey the Golden Rule and treat

your boys as you would wish to be treated yourselves, you'll find the lads to be well contented ever to leave home. Shall we live to see the day when we can ask the country lad, "Why do you not try your fortune in the city?" and have for an answer, "My home is too happy a one to leave?"

I believe in work, yet not all work, and

pains me to see how much some men value the muscles of their children

than they do their brains and heart, and who look upon them for their money rather than their mental or moral value.

EVIL LAWLESS.

MODEL YOUNG LADYISM.

There is a transition age when girls are sweet, gushing creatures, with all the fresh innocence of childhood mingling delightfully with the self-imposed dignity of approaching womanhood. When the crooked locks are left to grow long, and the gay ribbons which bind them back are no brighter than visions of future life. When the tucked skirts and pantaloons are first supplanted by a demit-train, and only a "finishing term" remains of restricted yet happy school existence. When the tender heart is worn upon the sleeve with such open, blushing acknowledgment, prepared to surrender unconditionally to the first silly daw of a young jackanapes who chooses to peck at it.

Charming, foolish little creatures, with

no more idea of the weals and woes of life

than they have gathered from the adventures and disasters which befall Paulina Maude in her fictitious path through a hundred and twenty-five chapters before her happy finale was reached. It always reached, you know, and the expanding butterflies of real life never go beyond the blissful union of "two hearts which beat as one," to speculate as to the probability of Marmaduke Fitz George looking gloom over scorched ham and smoked tea, or

Paulina Maude pouting for the new silk

her lord and master refuses to furnish funds to procure; or—later still—tearing herself at home, and growing thin and sallow, while a cross baby is teething, because the splendid prospects which spread before the young couple in that final chapter lost their pristine tints when subjected to the tests of actual experience, and the constant unromantic exactation of bread and butter for two.

The dainty girl's tastes never plunge be-

neath the service to arrive at these prosaic facts. They would knock all the pins from under those *chateaux d' Espagne* whose building occupies so many of youth's fleeting hours.

A season or two is quite sufficient to dispel the rosy, romantic mists, and Model Young Ladyism buds and blossoms out-right.

No more girlish gushes of intense though short-lived feeling; no more tears over Paulina Maude's distresses, to be supplemented by generous slices of bread and butter or relieved by tarts and currant jam; no more heroizing handsome shop-boys in bob-tailed coats, who win favor and commit petty larceny by filching peppermints from the show-case for the comfit-loving ladies.

From this we can form some correct idea of the dreadful work which the Whisky blend is doing in America. The prevalence of drunkenness is indeed alarming.

If, instead of seventy cents per gallon, the Government tax was seven dollars, it would be a blessing, *providing the law was enforced!* Oh, the curse of drunk-drinking! Who can measure the height and the depth of the woe it entails? When will the law and public opinion unite in suppressing the evil?

Now, bronze boots with metallic heels, dainty dresses and sweet little hats, supplant the early dreams of lords and castles, and lovers' adventures. Old Bullion and young Luckymen share equally and alternately the light of her smiles. The one will give up unlimited credit in consideration, the other is lavish with chain bracelets and costly knick-knacks.

Happy young belle! She has no need to emulate her grandmother by darning stockings after candlelight; there may be some of her sex reduced to such extremity—she has heard instances cited, indeed, but such good are as far removed from her sphere as though they inhabited other worlds.

There is one unvarying conventional example which she rebels against at first, but ends by copying to the fullest extent. It is not gentle to be impulsive, to possess exuberant spirits, or give vent to free expressions; consequently, all that is natural is crushed down, and an equable surface remains.

It is gentle to be excessively courteous—one gains popularity by not snubbing one's dressmaker—so, there's a gentle tone and an unchanged look for all.

It is to gain the pinnacle of awarded distinction to become—

"Faultily faultless, fitly perfect, splendidly null."

Are hearts—warm, generous, faulty hearts—crushed into nonentities do they slowly congeal in the perfecting process, or do they lie quivering and aching sometimes under the shackles which gentle breeding imposes?

Has Model Young Ladyism any rebellious promptings, or desires to burst the bonds and beat a new track from that which imposes restraint, silence, upon subjects most vital to welfare and happiness? Is it content to remain an automaton to all apparent purposes—pulseless, changeless, lifeless?

Advocates of Woman's Rights have built up their standard from unmanageable offshoots of the general class, but Model Young Ladyism holds aloof, and unmoved sweeps on its accustomed way.

There's a goal, of course—there's an end to most things, I believe.

Model Young Ladyism generally ends in white satin and point, a brown-stone front, a peacock bank-book, and a husband slipped somewhere among the accessories.

Sometimes it branches off into lissoms or callings, or goes down with a crash through general panics.

What gradually develops from the first, or springs from the ruins of the last, I wonder?

J. D. B.

PROFLANITY.

Can any one show that a person does any good to himself or to others by swearing? It is surely not a gentlemanly practice, and doubtless a person is ashamed of himself, for you scarcely ever know a man to swear in the presence of ladies.

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Can any one show that a person

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

BY FRANK M. IMBIE.

I've been wondering all day long
What my subject should be for another song,
So with magical art I'll try to tell
Of true lovers' secrets guarded so well;
If I fail in my purpose I'll straightway go
Crying assistance from one I know,
Or the one he's partial to of Flax,
Or love always in sunshine back.
Or is it the tremulous moment they say
When a gent asks a lady to—name the day?

I know from novels we ofttimes learn
The course of true love has many a turn;
Greater the joy that the breakers are fast—
When life began; love had its birth,
Lighting and gladdening all our earth;
It reigned in our own dear parents' breast,
Crowning assistance with its golden crest.
Now, was it the tremulous moment they say
When father asked mother to name the day?

My muse has vanished, I must seek some aid
To solve this query that prays have made;
He will tell me, so I will tell you, true,
He said: "In order to tell you aright,
We must mimic wooing the fairy sprite,
Talk soft and low, so none may hear,
I—love you—please sit closer, dear."
I was dangerously work with Cupid to play,
For I trembled, I know, when I named the day.

Won in Spite of Herself.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"MAIZE CLIFFORD! I am positively ashamed of you! You, a daughter of Eben Clifford, to utter such bitter treason to all the acknowledged laws of politeness and—
and good sense!"

And the bronze-brown eyes of Juliette fairly snapped again as they shot their reproving glances on the gracefully bowed head opposite.

A merry little smile rippled over Maize Clifford's face at her sister's words; a smile that vanished even while its glory was brightest, for the girl remembered with a pang, the funeral that had crossed their threshold a month sooner.

"I do not think poor papa would agree with you, Julie, if he were alive. As it is, the fact that he was our dear, indulgent parent ought not to hinder us from striving to seek our own living in any honorable way that offers."

"Hearin' our living! Why will you persist in calling it by such homely terms? I declare, Maize, when I hear you talk so I feel tempted to believe you care nothing for my feelings."

And pretty Juliette sought refuge behind her black-bordered handkerchief.

"I do regard your feelings, Julie, cherie, and, if it will be any comfort to you, I will never use such plain language again. Now, dear, when are you going to enter upon your new duties at Hellington Park? Oh, how I wish I had a position as governess like yours!"

And the honest little sigh of regret that came from Maize's lips seemed to cheer Julie's spirits wonderfully.

"Indeed you may wish it, Maize; particularly—now, mind, this is a solemn secret—particularly as Mr. Hellington is one of the handsomest men I ever saw, and a widower besides. Oh, Maize, you don't know how ambitious I am."

But a deep flush was burning on Maize's cheeks—she was feeling such shame for the sister of hers who was deliberately angling for the love of a stranger, whose motherless little ones were to be confided to her care. "Juliette!" she began, half angrily, but

Juliette's own soft voice had begun again: "If I only had a handsome iron-grenadine dress, you know, and mamma's jet jewelry, I would feel more satisfied. There's sure to be so much company at Hellington Park, and if I only succeed—"

And then, because Juliette's words offended Maize's proud spirit—prud, yet far humbler than Juliette's own, Maize slipped away where she might not be obliged to listen.

"A situation, eh? Well, Miss, you don't look much like hard work, that's a fact."

And the not unkindly eyes of the clerk in the intelligence-office were bent in respectful, wondering sort of admiration on Maize Clifford's pure, snow-drop face.

"Then there are no vacancies that will suit me?"

It was almost pitiful the sad weariness in her sweet tones; then the sudden lighting of her eyes as the clerk ran his finger down the long list of names.

"Let me see, let me see! Here's chambermaids, cooks, boudresses—plenty of them wanted, but that's out of the question for you, you see," and the eyes searched again the pure, patient face.

"Yes, they're out of the question; now if there only was a lady's companion wanted, or a music-teacher, or a copyist, or something like that—oh, by the way, if there isn't that order that was left not fifteen minutes ago—just the thing!"

And Maize felt her heart beat delightedly at the look of kindness that crossed the clerk's face as he read from a card what was wanted.

It was a rather singular advertisement, to be sure, but if she only might find it remunerative and respectable!

The clerk had hastily written the address, and handed it to her with an explanatory word.

"He's an author, you see—one of the most popular, too, and he wants somebody to—well, I don't exactly know what authors do do, but I reckon it's to keep his papers all straight, and so on."

And little Maize smiled as she went thankfully away, at the thought of an author like his papers kept "straight." She was "literary" enough to have divined that secret, at least!

A tall, grave-faced man, with deep thought mirrored in his dark-gray eyes; tenderest love in his perfect face, and stern will on his well-cut lips.

That was Maize Clifford's employer; Mr. Denton, the author, for whom she had worked three months; the lover, who was bending over her sweet, flushed face, and telling her how she had taught him the most beautiful lesson of his life, and asking, in the tender, demanding way so natural to him, that he might be her pupil forever in love's school.

And Maize listened, and wondered while she listened. Why had it all come to her, this glorious love of such a god? how did

she deserve it? what was there in her to win him?

So, in sweetest abasement she took to her gentle keeping the destiny of Howard Denton, and thanked God for the precious task that was to be her life-work.

The engagement was not to be long; the lover wanted to take his bride with him on a summer tour to the Falls, the Lakes and the Mountains; and so, almost at once, Maize wrote to Juliette, away out at Hellington Park, and told her all the joyous news.

She was somewhat uncertain, when she wrote it, what her haughty sister would say when she learned that "Eben Clifford's daughter" had demeaned herself by marrying a man who "worked" for his living, even if it was with his brain; and Maize, therefore, was not dispointed when the answer came, angrily denouncing her for "taking her goods to such a market;" almost spitefully sketching pen portraits of an author's home, and an author's wife's news.

"Couldn't we have found shelter in the wagons?" yelled Egbert.

Jo's face could be seen to expand in a grin as he made answer in the same vociferous tone:

"Shelter in the wagons? I've seen that before—when the covering was slathered to ribbons in the winkle of an eye, and the wagons went rolling over and over like a log, going down the side of a mountain till they went out of sight, and when we rid our horses long over that same route, we made our camp-fires with bits of wagon for the next fifty miles. I reckon you haven't had a storm sin' you left St. Louey?"

"Certainly nothing like that," was the answer of Rodman, who thought the scout was drawing things with rather a long brush. "We had several storms, such as you've seen us all as being very severe."

"Spose you thought so; but they were the gentlest of zephyrs alongside of some that I've butted ag'in! I come over the plains with a party in '48, when I was party young, and took my first degree in prairie storms then. We were 'bout a hundred miles out of St. Louey, when we butted ag'in' a dead head-wind, that got so strong that we seed purty soon we shouldn't be able to stand. When I seed how things was going, and that my hoss was a-slippin' backward, I jumped off my hoss, and laid down flat on my face and held onto the ground; but it wan't no use. I seed my animal go end over end over the plain, looking like a dough-nut turning summersets, and, finding I was blowing loose, I crawled into the wagon in the tallest kind of a hurry."

"And there you were safe," remarked Egbert, knowing that something stunning was at hand.

"Yes, I rather think we was," he answered, ironically. "When I crawled into the ox-wagon, I found all the rest war there, and the old shetbang was already going backward, and gainin' every second like a steam-engine. You see the wind was dead ahead, and the cover of the wagon acted like a sail, and it wan't long afore we was a-goin' over the prairie at a rate that you never dreamed of. You can just bet things hummed. I looked out of the side of the coach, and seed the wagon-wheels going round so fast that you couldn't see any thing but the hubs, and they had a misty sort of look, from buzzin' round in such style. Some of the women got a little nervous, and said they preferred, to ride at a little slower gait, and axed me, if it was all the same to me, if I wouldn't shut off a little steam. All I could do was to put on the brakes, and the minute I done that, I seed a flash and they was gone!—just like a bunch of powder—burned up by the friction."

"So I told the folks to comprise themselves, as I reckoned we war in for it, and we'd all go to pieces together. Well, now, that shetbang kept going faster and faster. I just tell you things buzzed for awhile. I looked out the tail of the wagon (we war going tall foremost) and seed ourselves goin' right straight for Devil's Humps—which you know is two mountain peaks, somethin' like a quarter of a mile apart. Thinking every thing was up, I just scooched down in the wagon and watched to see ourselves go. I s'pose you will think I'm exaggerating, when I tell you we went right up the first mountain-peak, which was half a mile high, as quick as a wink, but there the wagon struck a rock, turned summersets; but it was going so fast that it shot right across from one peak to another, and how evering to light right side up, we kept straight on for St. Louey. That's when we are not yet through with the Indians, after believin' we were perfectly clear of them."

"Go forward," he replied, almost savagely, as he raised himself. "What do we want to stay here for?"

"I see it is nearly dark, and Fort Adams is still a number of miles away. We shall not be able to reach there until far into the night. Why not encamp where we are and finish the journey leisurely in the morning? There seems to be no particular danger."

"I tell you there's danger," was the fierce reply of the scout; "did you see that Thing on the mustang?"

"Yes; and I have seen it before."

"And so have I, and I can tell yer it means something. When that comes round, there's the worst kind of devility close on to its heels; you can bet on that!"

"Then we are not yet through with the Indians, after believin' we were perfectly clear of them."

"I didn't say that—but what I mean is that some devility is brewing; we're right in the middle of these hills, and the best thing we can do is to get ahead while we can."

"Hush!" exclaimed Lizzie Manning, in an awed voice; "what is the meaning of that?"

CHAPTER XX.

A FEARFUL RIDE.

A DULL, increasing roar, like the moaning of the Indian Sea, when the cyclone is

being born, struck the ears of the whites,

all of whom paused in their conversation

and listened, wondering what it meant.

The horses showed signs of restlessness.

They tried to get out of our way,

but that they couldn't, and we went right

through them like a cannon-shot, and when

I looked back I seed a regular tunnel

through the drove of buffers knocked to

flinders. You see there was several party

good-sized streams in our way, and when

we buzzed through them, some of us got

our clothes a little moist, but we had to let

things go, and to make a long story short,

we never held in until we reached St.

Louey, where we shot straight through the

biggest hotel, and into an old lady's cellar

before we stopped.

"Of course we was a little shook up,

but that was nothing to what we met next day."

Lightning Jo suddenly paused, in the very

middle of the sentence, and his companions

saw his face blanch, and his eyes flash, as

though he had caught sight of some new

and appalling danger.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE TERROR OF THE PRAIRIE.

There was no need of Lightning Jo tell-

ing what it was that so startled him, for

following the direction of his own gaze

every eye saw it on the instant.

On the upper margin of the precipitous

cliff or canon, through which they were

making their way, at a point about a hun-

drd feet above and directly over them, was

the apparition which had so startled Cap-

tain Shields when in Dead Man's Gulch.

The mustang was standing as motionless as

then, and the same quadruped nonde-

script was perched upon its back, its black

head turned a little to one side, while it

was evidently gazing down upon them with

a fixed, intense stare.

"The devil will be to pay now," growled

Jo, just loud enough to be heard in the roar-

ing wind; "but it's too late to put back,

and we'll press ahead."

And resolutely compressing his lips, he drove his mustang to the head of the cavalcade and forced him into a gallop along the canon, the others, of course, following his example.

Neither Egbert nor Lizzie had made the

least reference to this apparition, while in

converse with the scout, for the reason that

each knew he bore the reputation of being

a practical man, and would only laugh and

shout to make himself heard.

"We're going to catch it, you bet," re-

marked Jo, as he looked up at the marshal-

ing of Nature's forces, clapping his hands,

telling her how she had taught him the most

beautiful lesson of his life, and asking, in

the tender, demanding way so natural to

him, that he might be her pupil forever in

love's school.

And Maize listened, and wondered while she listened. Why had it all come to her, this glorious love of such a god? how did

she deserve it? what was there in her to win him?

The former shouted back the return in

the question:

"Can we not find shelter before the storm comes? We shall all be drenched to the skin, if we are exposed to the deluge for the space of five minutes."

"Certainly, we can find shelter, and that's just what I'm going for this minute. We'll make it before the deluge comes. If we'd been in the prairie we'd had to hold our hair on, and we'd have got such a basting over it that would have taken a lifetime to get over it."

"Couldn't we have found shelter in the wagons?" yelled Egbert.

that his tall was drawn from the loose grasp of Egbert, who, aiming to renew it, clutched vaguely in the darkness and was unable to reach his faithful animal. He could hear him floundering and neighing close at hand, but there was no use of attempting to reach him, and he called to the horse, in the hope that he would succeed in making his way to him; but he was disappointed in this also, for the noise of the struggles speedily ceased, and he concluded that the faithful animal was dead.

Rather curiously the young man had clung to his rifle ever since he was caught by the water tornado, and now that he was somewhat cooler and more collected, he resolved that nothing but "death should them part." It was troublesome to swim with it grasped in one hand, but he was quite able to do it, where the current possessed such extraordinary velocity, and he moved forward with little effort on his part.

All this passed in a tenth part of the time taken by us in writing it, and Egbert Rodman had scarcely gained a connected idea of what was going on, when he made the discovery that the channel through which he had been dashed was widening and considerably decreasing. The deafening crash that had been in his ears from the moment he was carried off his feet, now sunk to a dull noise, proving that he had emerged from the canon, and was floating over what might be termed a lake—caused, undoubtedly, by the widening of the pass through which Lightning Jo had attempted to guide the little party, with its two wagons.

With this discovery of the comparative calmness of the water, came, for the first time, something like returning hope to Egbert Rodman, who, feeling confident that there must be a tenable foothold at no great distance, began swimming forward regularly, so as to avoid being carried around in a circle.

Of course such a basin as this must have an outlet as well as an inlet, and it was his purpose to prevent himself being carried away into another similar canon, from which it was hardly possible to make such an escape over again.

This required severe effort, but happily it was accomplished sooner than was anticipated. While swimming vigorously forward, his feet touched bottom, and although scarcely able to maintain his foothold, yet by using arms and legs and grasping some branches that brushed his face, he succeeded in drawing himself out upon land, and found himself free from the flood.

"Saved at last, and thank God for it!" was his fervent ejaculation. "But what of the rest?—what of the women and children? and Lizzie—where can she be?"

All was of inky darkness about him, and he hardly dared to move for fear of plunging himself into some inextricable pitfall. Only by feeling every foot of the way as he advanced, did he manage to get away from the immediate neighborhood of the din and rush of waters.

Sinking down upon his knees, he crept along for some distance in this manner, until, as near as he could judge, he was in a sort of valley or ravine, much broader than the one in which he and his friends had been overwhelmed by the flood, and which seemed to have escaped the rush of water that had been driven through that.

Finding that it remained comparatively level, he finally rose to his feet again and advanced with more speed, but at the same time, with the caution due such a critical situation.

The wind was still blowing with a desolate, wailing sound, but the rain had ceased entirely; and the night, pitchy dark and cold, could not have been more desolate and cheerless.

"Halloo!" suddenly exclaimed the astonished Egbert, "yonder is a light as sure as the world! Who can be camping out to-night? Be the friend or foe, I must find out."

And with this resolution he started toward the star-like beacon.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 121.)

ROYAL KEENE, THE California Detective:

or,
The Witches of New York.

A ROMANCE OF FOUR GIRLS' LIVES.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,

AUTHOR OF "OVERLAND KIT," "WOLF DEMON," "ACE OF SPADES," "RED MAZEPAS," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

A SUDDEN APPEARANCE.

CORALIE had risen to her feet when she beheld the strange effect of the potent drug upon the old man, and when her eyes beheld the legal-looking paper projecting from the breast-pocket of his overcoat, her quick wits at once conjectured that possibly it was what Van Rensselaer was in search of. For that he had some powerful motive for acting as he had in the matter, she was sure. No common cause could actuate him.

From the old man's story it was evident that he was strangely interested in the Van Rensselaer family.

Duped as she had been by David, and forced to carry out his designs despite herself, she saw here a chance to baffle his plans, perhaps in the end defeat them altogether.

If the paper was indeed the object of which Van Rensselaer was in quest, what a triumph it would be for her to frustrate him and preserve the perhaps precious document.

With parted lips and a beating heart, Coralie stood in the center of the dingy room and looked upon the sleeping man. The thought came into her mind that Van Rensselaer might be watching her through the key-hole of the door. She was determined to secure the paper hidden in the old man's pocket, but to baffle Van Rensselaer's design, he must not suspect that she had taken it.

Coralie thought and acted quickly. She advanced to the old man and bent over him as if to assure herself that he was really sleeping. Then, with a rapid movement, she drew the folded paper from the pocket and thrust it into her bosom. Her back being to the door, the action was concealed from any one who might be watching there.

A smile of triumph shone in the clear eyes of the girl as her fingers closed over the paper.

"It is mine," she murmured. "Now, keen plotter, if this is what you are in search of, your quest will be a fruitless one. The

toot you have chosen shall wound your hand, instead of aiding you in your design. He laughs best who laughs last; to-night it was your turn, to-morrow it will be mine."

Then she drew her veil down over her face again and walked straight to the door of the apartment.

As she approached it, it opened and Van Rensselaer appeared. As she had guessed, he had been on the watch.

"Does he sleep?" he asked, casting an anxious glance toward the couch where the motionless form of the old man was extended.

"Yes."

"Wait for me in the carriage. I shall not be long," he said.

She simply bowed her head, but made no reply. She left the room, walked along the passage-way and descended to the street.

The hack now stood before the door.

"You need not wait for the others," Coralie said, determined to put Van Rensselaer to all the inconvenience in her power. Then she told the hackman to drive her to the corner of Twenty-third street and Broadway; something whispered to her that it was best not to give her address to the man.

Coralie entered the carriage, and the carriage rolled on and she felt the paper safe within her bosom.

After Coralie's departure, Van Rensselaer turned to Bishop, who stood just outside the door.

"Keep watch at the door outside and prevent any one from disturbing me," he said.

"All right," Bishop answered.

Then Van Rensselaer closed the door, and was alone with his victim. With stealthy steps he approached the old man, yet there was little need of caution, for Hartright was as incapable of motion as the gorged Indian serpent supine in its native jungles.

"The drug has worked well enough," he muttered, as he looked upon the sleeper. He proceeded at once to search his pockets, but no will rewarded his efforts.

"By heaven! he has not brought it with him!" Van Rensselaer muttered, in wrath. "I shall only have my labor for my pains. Can he have intrusted it to other hands?"

And his brows grew dark as he pondered over the question. "Impossible! he surely would not trust so precious a paper out of his possession. It may be concealed somewhere about his person."

Again Van Rensselaer bent over the sleeper. As he passed his hand carefully over the broad chest of the old man he felt something crumple at his touch, concealed within the vest.

"Aha! I have it!" he muttered. A gleam of joy came over his features.

"There are some papers secreted within the lining of his vest," he continued. "At last I succeed. It's lucky that I thought to bring a knife with me." And, even as he spoke, he drew a sharp-edged bowie-knife from its sheath, which was fastened to a belt buckled around his waist.

He unfastened the old man's vest and threw it open; then, with the keen-edged knife, he carefully ripped open the lining. Two folded papers lay exposed to his hand.

Quickly he carried them to the table, and, by the light of the candle, examined them. A shade of disappointment came over his face as he saw what they were.

"Neither one is the will," he muttered, angrily. "What are they? Philip Van Rensselaer to Sarah Gordon." A marriage certificate. The date, 1842. This is the proof of my father's first marriage; "A record of the birth and baptism of Alice Gordon Van Rensselaer." That is the child mentioned in the will; the heir under that will to just one-half of my father's property. That villain, Keene, deceived me. These are the papers which, three years ago, I stained my soul with crime to destroy. The papers which I burned up, which were in Keene's possession, were only copies; these are the originals. Oh! what a cursed idiot I have been! That crime was a useless one."

Then Van Rensselaer was silent for a moment, buried in thought.

"Even if these papers are destroyed," he said, slowly, communing with himself, "this man can prove the identity of the child, Alice, if she be living, and something whispers me that she is. Her appearance, the will—which has escaped me—and his evidence would give this Alice half our fortune. These valuable papers are mine, but this old man could possibly prove the child's identity without them. But if he should never wake from this deathlike sleep?"

And Van Rensselaer glared harshly around him as he put the question which boded murder, as though he feared to see some shadowy form step from the darkness of his corners and answer his speech.

"Why should he not die here and now?" he muttered. "He is an old man, on the very verge of the grave; few years—perhaps hours—of life can he call his own. But the means?" Van Rensselaer again glared round him with a half-shudder.

Suddenly the thought came to him.

"Suffocation!" he cried, in accents hardly above a whisper. "By simply winding my coat around his head he will die almost without a struggle. No marks to tell of the manner of his death. It must be so; this one crime, and then I'll stain my hand in blood no more. I can easily escape from the house. When they discover the body they will imagine that his death was produced by the drug in the liquor, and, to save themselves from suspicion, they will hush the matter up in some way."

With stealthy steps, Van Rensselaer approached the door and listened for a moment. Not a sound could he hear.

"If he should look through the keyhole, as I did?" the young man muttered, referring to Bishop.

And acting on the thought, he took from his pocket his handkerchief and fastened it around the knob of the door in such a manner that it hung down over the keyhole.

"It will be difficult to watch my movements from the outside now, I think," he said, with a grim smile. Then he removed his coat, and, holding it in his hands, carefully approached the helpless man extended on the sofa. Murder was in Van Rensselaer's heart and hand.

He bent over his destined victim, when a slight noise, as though a mouse had run across the floor behind him, attracted his attention.

"It is mine," she murmured. "Now, keen plotter, if this is what you are in search of, your quest will be a fruitless one. The

Bishop, Van Rensselaer descended the steps and the other followed him.

At the foot of the steps they found themselves standing in a square apartment, exactly the size of the one which they had just quitted. The room was partly filled with old boxes and barrels, and evidently had been used as a sort of store-room. The two windows like the ones in the room above, were barred with heavy shutters.

There was a door at one end of the room, evidently leading into the lower entry, but so long had it remained unused that the heavy bolts were rusted in their sockets.

"He didn't get out this way," Bishop said, in a tone of confidence, "nor yet by the windows. They haven't been used in a dog's age."

Then Van Rensselaer's eyes caught sight of a small door at the other end of the room, as he flashed the lantern around him.

"There is another door here," he said, and he proceeded to it. A cry burst from his lips as he examined it, for at the first glance he saw that the dust had been rubbed off the knob, thus proving beyond a doubt that a human hand had recently pressed it.

"Found something?" Bishop exclaimed, hastening after him.

"Yes, sir; this door has been used, and recently."

"See where it leads to."

Van Rensselaer opened the door, and a small flight of steps stood revealed. The two ascended the stairs and found themselves at the end of the entry in which the door of room No. 1 was situated.

There were the two stopped.

"Well, if the Indian came up this way, he couldn't have got by me without my knowing it, much less carry a helpless man with him, and I never stirred from that door from the time that you went in until you called me," Bishop said, in wonder.

He had spoken the truth; there was but one mode of egress from the entry, and it was clearly impossible for any one to have got through the passage-way without his knowledge.

Van Rensselaer stared around him vacantly for a moment; the clear brain and cunning wits for once were puzzled.

"I can not understand it," he said, slowly.

"Suppose we go down-stairs to the saloon," suggested Bishop; "we might be able to discover something to explain this affair?"

Van Rensselaer simply nodded his head, but made no other reply; his wits were wool-gathering.

The two descended to the saloon.

The music, the dancing, and the drinking were still going on. The Indian at one end of the room was still beating upon the big drum.

Van Rensselaer sauntered carelessly up to the savage, and examined him carefully. The Indian did not seem to notice the inspection of the other.

After a long and earnest gaze, Van Rensselaer led the way to the open air.

"Well?" questioned Bishop, after they had gained the sidewalk.

"That Indian is not the one who struck me in the room above," Van Rensselaer said, decided. "He is shorter and thicker set; the other one was painted in close imitation to him, though. Are you sure that it was the real Indian that we encountered on the stairway?"

"Oh, yes, no doubt about it," Bishop answered, confidently.

"I am utterly at fault here," Van Rensselaer said, slowly.

Just then they turned the corner.

"Where's the carriage?" Bishop exclaimed.

"Gone!" Van Rensselaer said, in astonishment.

"Well, this is the queerest adventure!"

"The explanation is reasonable," Van Rensselaer observed; "the driver probably got tired waiting, and having one passenger, drove off with her."

"That's so—that is reasonable."

"We'll strike straight for Broadway and then home. I must have time to think over this night's work," Van Rensselaer said, gloomily.

The two proceeded onward.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE DETECTIVE.

A SMALL, COZY room on the fourth story in the St. Nicholas Hotel, fronting on Broadway.

On the bed lay the old savage, Elizur Hartright. His overcoat was still on, nothing of his outward gear removed except his hat. He was buried in a profound slumber, although the morning sun was shining brightly in at the window.

The lips of the old man moved, his heavy breathing became irregular; he was shaking off the deathlike trance which the powerful drug administered in the wine of the dance-house had brought upon his senses.

Slowly—little by little—he awoke. His dazed glance wandered around in evident amazement. Then, with a sudden and powerful effort, he cast aside the lingering remnants of the spell which had bound all his faculties in a leaden chain, and rose a sitting posture on the bed.

Again he looked around him, saw that he was in his own room, on his own bed; then he surveyed himself and saw that he was fully dressed as if for the street.

"Have I been mad during the night?" he cried, in wonder, "or is all this but a terrible dream? Let me recount what has happened. First, I went to the masquerade; saw there a woman dressed in black and closely veiled; heard her voice as she passed me, and fancied that in her tones I heard again the voice of my long-lost Alice. Acting on a sudden impulse, I followed the woman, managed to gain speech with her, and after a few minutes' conversation became satisfied that fate had at last in this strange way thrown into my path the girl whom I once loved as if she had been my own child. I asked her to let me see her face, knowing that that would at once confirm my suspicion or convince me that I had made a mistake. She consented on condition that I should leave the ball-room and go with her. I agreed to this at once. We set out in a carriage. The carriage stops and we enter a desolate-looking house. I tell her the story of Alice Van Rensselaer, and explain that I think that she is the child confided to my care. She declares that she is not. Then I drink a glass of wine at her request; she removes her veil and I behold the face of Sarah Gordon, the woman whom I loved and lost long years ago; after that comes a blank. I can remember nothing more. And now I wake and find myself upon my own bed with the

morning sun streaming in full upon me. I can not understand it. It all seems like a terrible dream. I wonder what time it is?"

The old man looked at his watch. It had stopped; the hands pointed to half-past six.

"It must be later than that," he murmured

SATURDAY JOURNAL

THE GIRL WHO GAVE ME THE MITTEN.

BY ARNOLD ISLER.

*She was as beautiful and as fair
As the flowers that bloom in May-time;
Her voice was as charming and as sweet;
As the smile of a girl's rose on the lips
Of the bewitching, dark-eyed kitten;
The girl who, 't other night had the pleasure,
Of giving "Yours truly" the mitten.
My once fond hopes have faded away;
From scenes of pleasure I've parted;
I am lonely, yea, broken-hearted;
Sadness has taken possession of me,
My poor heart feels terribly bitten!
Oh, Cupid I how couldst thou be so cruel,
To let her give me the mitten?
I told her that I owned it all;
And I asked her if she would marry me,
If she would be mine forever.
But alas! for the hours wasted in love,
Alas! for the heart that's been smitten:
The sword I'd never adore,
Has cruelly given me the mitten.
I'll leave the place; yes, I'll wander afar,
I'll cross the billowy ocean;
I'll carry a sword, and rise as a star,
In war's terrific commotion;
But still I know I never can forget
The pretty little dark-eyed kitten;
For in my memory I will ever find
The girl who gave me the mitten.*

Tracked to Death: THE LAST SHOT.

BY CAPT. MAYNE REID.

AUTHOR OF "HELPLESS HAND," "LONG RANCH,"
"SCALP HUNTERS," "WHITE CHEEF," ETC.

CHAPTER XCIV.

FLEEING FROM A SPECTER.

RICHARD DARKE had run away in wild terror from what he believed to be a corpse, lying under the shadow of trees in a Mississippi forest. Still more terrified was his retreat from what he fancied to be a specter, seen upon an open prairie of Texas. For now to his own guilty conscience was added the awe of the supernatural.

The head of the man he had murdered, rising out of the earth, his face seen in full moonlight, his eyes glaring upon him—the murderer—the lips pronouncing his name, and branding him with the crime!

How could he be otherwise than awed?

And he was awed, palsied, almost stricken senseless with fear. No wonder he lost control of his horse, permitting the animal to take its own way.

It, too, shared in the scare. The unnatural appearance of a head without a body; the proximity of wolves; the nervous shock felt by its rider, communicated to itself; the cry coming up from the earth; all combined to affright the horse as much as his master.

From the weird spot he galloped away, as if the prairie were on fire behind him!

For a time his rider made no effort to check his speed, or in any way guide him. It was as much as he could do to keep his seat in the saddle. His limbs felt weak, and his knees loose at the joints. His hands, too; the fingers nerveless, with scarce enough muscular strength to retain grasp of the bridle-rein.

His spirit was weakest of all, though his heart was beating strong enough. It thundered against his ribs, as if struggling to burst forth from his breast.

The horse galloped on, he knew not, recked not, whither. After the encounter with Simeon Woodley, so unexpected, so inopportune, he had been troubled with a presentiment of impending fate. But now that the other world had taken up the case against him; now that its spirits were appearing—a ghost in earthly guise calling out his name and accusing him of his crime—it was no longer a presentiment, but a certainty. Too surely was Nemesis pursuing!

Utterly prostrated by the appalling thought, he permitted his horse to gallop on. He did not even make an effort to retain his seat in the saddle; and, perhaps, would have fallen out of it, but for long practice and habit, that made the thing mechanical.

It was only when the animal, becoming tranquilized after its own scare, and jaded with the prolonged retreat, came to a stop, that the power of thought returned to its rider.

Then reflecting, or trying to reflect, he fancied it must be a dream. In his drunken slumber he had been dreaming—had visions quite as strange as it—terrible phantasmagoria—groups in tableau, with Charles Clancy pre-eminent among the fleeting figures. Was he still asleep, and the sight of a bodiless head but a continuation of them? Or was he awake and—

"Oh, God! I am awake. What can it mean? Am I mad?"

Thus spoke the conscience-stricken criminal, after his horse had come to a halt, and he sat, staring wildly around him. He no longer knew where he was, and even doubted what he was.

For a time he kept his seat in the saddle, reflecting on the spectacle lately seen, and endeavoring to account for it. His horse, long famishing, had dropped his head, and was picking at the scant grass.

The moon was still shining clear, but now nearer the horizon.

He faced round to the direction whence he had come. He saw his own shadow, with that of his horse, projected far over the plain. That was the side on which he had seen the specter; and there was his fear. Would the ghostly thing once more make its appearance? Would the head of Charles Clancy again rise up out of the earth and shout:

"Richard Darke—murderer?"

No—no! It all had been a fancy—a touch of delirium tremens—such as he had experienced before—more than once.

Glad to think it was but this, he dismounted, with the intention to stay there for the rest of the night. He could do no better, having now completely lost his way.

He was about drawing off the bridle, to give his hungry horse to the grass, when his glance was again directed along their shadows, now, with the declining moon, projected still further over the plain. But at the point where they terminated—just over his own head—there was something seen, not visible, or not noticed, by him before.

It was a mere speck of somber color. It might be a stunted tree, or rocky ledge, cropping above the level of the plain?

One or other of these he at first fancied it to be, the fancy giving him satisfaction.

But as he continued to gaze upon it, he saw cause to change his mind. It was neither rock, nor tree, nor any thing fixed

upon the plain, but something moving over it!

Gradually the shadow of his own head and the dark speck were drawing nearer one another. It was not this that led him to think the latter was in motion. For the moon was still declining in the sky, and, of course, his own shadow becoming more elongated. But just as the two came in contact, meeting upon the silvered surface of the prairie, there was a flash from the far-off form, as if the moonbeams were reflected upon a bit of looking-glass.

More likely the blade of a knife, or from the barrel of a gun?

In this alternative shape did Richard Darke interrogate himself about the shining object.

In either case there must be a man behind it.

As he stood scrutinizing it, his eyes strained to their utmost, he made out the figure of a man mounted upon a horse! The horseman was heading toward him, coming on at quick speed, as if prompted by some terrible determination.

It seemed the Destroying Angel!

He did not stay to inquire further. Long before the approaching horseman was near, had gathered up his reins, sprung back into the saddle, and was spurring over the plain as if his life depended upon speed!

CHAPTER XCVI.

RIDING AT THE MOON.

Soon after Jupiter's shadow came over Clancy's head, the latter could see his own projected far out upon the plain. It was no longer the spherical silhouette of his head, but of his whole body, from crown to heel.

For the mulatto had released him from his irksome confinement; and once more he breathed freely.

He was feeble. But for this Jupiter administered a medicine that quite restored his strength—some brandy brought away from the robbers' rendezvous.

Inspired by it, he rides desperately on.

He too, appears as if about to plunge into that silvery circle whose circumference seems to rest upon the earth.

All at once the moon's disk disappears; something coming between and screening it from his sight. He sees that it is a rock, at the same time that Richard Darke has taken refuge behind it.

Driving the spurs still deeper into his horse's flanks, he gallops on, keeping a straight course. It is toward the moon, whose lower limb now touches the horizon of the plain. He rides as if intending to plunge into her disk and there seek safety from the spectral pursuer. But, ride as he will, he perceives that the latter is gaining upon him—gradually lessening the space between. He sees it with shuddering and the faintness of despair.

Still galloping on, he surveys the ground in front, to right, to left, everywhere, in search of a place to conceal himself. The speed of his horse can not serve him. He must seek safety under cover of some kind.

His glance sweeps the horizon in quest of trees. There are none on that sterile expanse—not so much as a shrub, only patches of artemisia, that would not give concealment to a horse.

The last moments of his agony something looms up in front, obscuring the light of the moon—for a moment concealing her disk. It has the outlines of a rock rising above the level of the plain. It is a rock.

He heads toward it, and spurs his horse to a last desperate stretch. He succeeds in reaching and getting on its further side. There he halts, and awaits the coming up of the pursuer.

But notwithstanding his wild terror, he has still resolution left to grasp his gun and raise it in readiness to send a bullet through the thing pursuing, whether it be mortal man or spirit disembodied.

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THE DIFFICULTY OF RHYMING.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

We parted by the gate in June,
Bad! That soft and balmy month,
Beneath the sweetly-beaming moon,
And (wonth — hunch — sunth — buntth — I
can't find a rhyme to month)

Years were to pass ere we should meet,
A wide and yawning gulf!
Divide me from my love so sweet,
While (gulf — sunth — stuck — again)
I can't get any rhyme to gulf. I'm in a gulf myself!

Oh, how I dredded in my soul
To part from my sweet nymph,
How long the ship — long seasons roll
Before (symp — dymph — symph — I guess
I'll have to let it go at that)

Beneath my fortune's stern decree
My lonely spirits sink,
For I a weary soul should be
And a (hmuk — dunk — runk — sk — That will
never do in the world.)

She buried her dear lovely face
Within her azure scarf,
She knew I'd take the wretchedness
As well as (part — saut — darf — harf-and-harf.
That won't answer, either)

Oh, I had loved her many years,
I'd given her herself:
I loved her for her tender tears,
And also for her (twil — nelf — half — pelf;
no, no; not for her pelf.)

I took from her my hands here,
How sweet her lips did pouch!
I kissed her lovingly and said —
(bouch — mouch — louch — ooch; not a bit of it did I
say ooch?)

I sorrowfully wrung her hand,
My tears they did escape,
My love did command
And I was but a (soil — dape — sape — ape;
well; perhaps I did like an ape.)

I gave to her a fond adieu,
Sweet pupil of love's school,
I told her I would e'er be true,
And always be a (dool — sool — mool — fool;
since I come to think of it, I was a fool, for she fell
in love with another fellow before I was gone a

month.)

The "Thousand Islands."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IN THE WILDERNESS."

II.—OLD "JOE" AND "BILLY."

CLAYTON is an old-fashioned town, far apart from any chance of business, completely isolated from the outside world were it not for the lines of steamers which touch at the wharf. A sleepy, quiet, rusty old town, famous for nothing except its proximity to the fishing-grounds, its Rip Van Winkle sleep and "Old Bill Johnson." Here for many years lived "General" Bill, noted for his connection with the Canadian revolution of '36, and here he died at a ripe old age, among the green islands where he had passed his life. Here his descendants still live, and are proud of their stout old ancestor, now gone down to the valley of the shadow.

We put up at the "Hubbard House," a quiet old-fashioned country hotel, but with an air of comfort about it which its character does not belie. Here you will find the best of accommodations, good well-cooked food, and cheerful attendance, and a lunch sent out for your noonday meal which would make an epicure smile.

The Clayton boatmen are justly celebrated among all fishermen. Their boats are neat, light and commodious; they handle the seulls well, and can bring the blush to the cheek of the most accomplished cook by their skill in getting up an island dinner. We sat down in the office of the hotel and smoked a cigar before dinner, while Viator sent a boy for his old boatman, who had pulled him time and again across the fishing-grounds. He came at last—a wiry, grizzled, muscular Frenchman, with one of the most comical faces you ever beheld.

"Aha!" he cried, "Mossu Viator, you 'ave appear again upon ze fishing-ground! I s'all 'ave ze honore of propul ze boat vyle you catch ze feesh zis summer, and ye s'all beat zem all, by gar!"

"Certainly, Joe," said Viator, with a laugh. "You got my letter?"

"I ave zat honare. I can not read ze letare myself; but mi filie s'all read him so nice zat I s'all understand him. Aha, mossu! you s'all see ma fille a woman!"

"Can you get me a good boatman for these two gentlemen?" Of course I don't expect to find one quite as good as yourself, but do the best you can!"

"I s'all bring you my young friend, Billy, who s'all be von ver' good boatman, be gar. Soyez tranquils, mes enfants, I vill return soon."

He came back directly, followed by a young fellow about twenty years of age who took our fancy at once—a broad-shouldered, handsome, genial young man, who answered to the name of "Billy."

"You s'all approve my young friend Billy," said old Joe; his name was Jacques but by corruption had become simply Joe. "He ver' good boatman, my young friend, and he fear nothing. He s'all teach ze young gentlemen how to catch ze pickerel, and ze bass, and ze muscalonge. Aha! ze muscalonge is ze prince of feishes, ze grand prey of ze fisherman."

The face of the old fellow fairly beamed with pleasure as he thus introduced his young friend, for he had not a particle of envy in his nature, and took pleasure in the other's success.

It is needless to say that Billy was engaged, for Viator, having a regard for his personal safety, would not have us in the same boat with himself, and he expected that Billy would have to fish us out of the water a dozen times during the first two days."

"We won't go out to-night, boys," said Viator. "Get the boats ready and have everything in order for to-morrow and we will get an early start. In the mean time, to pass away a few hours, we will go over to Gawanogue in the 'Midge.' She runs here yet, don't she, Joe?"

"Oui, mossu; I vill tell Capitaine John son to purpose to voyage vyz him."

Our boatmen left us, and we went to dinner, which was served up in a style to gladden the heart of a fisherman. After dinner, we strolled down the wharf to the place where a good-sized wash-tub, called by courtesy a steamer, was attached to the dock.

"You don't mean to tell me that you are going over in that canoe?" said Jim, looking at Viator.

"Of course; she is a pretty good boat, if she is small."

"I've had all I want of steamboats," said Jim; "and if you want to trust yourself in an old raft like that, may be, but I ain't the one to do it."

But, by much chaff and contumely, Viator induced us to come on board, and with half a dozen passengers, all told, the little steamer swung out from the wharf, headed

for the point of Johnson's Island, and went off at the rate of about five knots an hour. The scenery was so new and grand to us that we forgot how slowly the minutes crawled by, and watched the changes in the beautiful archipelago as new scenes were opened to our view with every island passed. I was so exhilarated by the enchanting scene that I began to sing.

Now I don't advertise to be a good singer, but I didn't think I was quite so bad as those fellows made me out to be. Viator gave a screech of horror and ran into the cabin—the scoundrel wanted an excuse to go down and talk to a pretty girl whom he knew—and Jim said that if I let out another howl like that, he was going to jump overboard and swim ashore. And, to add to my confusion, the captain came up and said that his boat could stand a good deal of racket, but he wished I wouldn't do that again. I always like to humor people, so I stopped my song, and they all looked happy at once, and after a slow but pleasant passage, the little Midge reached the Canadian town of Gawanogue—a strange, quaint, weather-beaten-looking place, but typical of most of the smaller towns along the Canadian border—a spot where fluids are so ridiculously cheap that you fancy yourself in France, were it not for the burly, good-natured fellows, woefully lacking in regard to the letter "H," who bring you what you want.

When we had thoroughly "done" the town, visited the "nail-factory," looked at the pretty girls, bragged a little of "our side," and otherwise demeaned ourselves as only the irrepressible Yankees can, we returned to the steamer and sped away down the breezy passages, and what with "pale ale," "Cross and Blackwell's pickles," and sundry solids as well as fluids, we make the passage short; and long before we reached Clayton, even I am allowed to sing unchecked, which proves that I must have improved amazingly under the regimen.

N. B. All persons with a burr in their throats should go to Gawanogue.

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